

Square Shouldered Girl

AT HER BEST IN COSTUMES
SIMPLE AND FLAT IN LINE

Margery
Wells
Advises

Sport Suit Is Your Natural Element;
Carry That Ideal Into Your Choice
of Clothes for Everyday Wear—
Box Coats Particularly Becoming
—Avoid Too Neutral Tones.

Tenth in a Series of Special Articles, With Pho-
tographs Posed by Selected Fashion Models.



The chiffon frock and velvet
hat shown above are typical
adornments for formal occa-
sions.
In a topcoat of tweed, like
the one shown at the left, the
girl with the square shoulders
expresses herself best.

this character have been known to im-
prove with age.

This coat is only a suggestion of the
type of street clothes that best suit
the girl with square shoulders. The
sport suit—one of those fascinating
tweeds—is her natural element. She
carries it off splendidly and she makes
every one who sees her long for one
exactly like it. She is the American
who fits these ideal American clothes,
so chic in line and so well tailored in
appearance.

Let her not neglect the colorful
wool scarfs that twine so becomingly
about the throat and add to the
grace of her womanliness, that add
a touch of color to make her eyes
glow and her skin shine. At the
Horse Show there was the smartest
girl leaning over the fence intent upon
the performance. She was dressed in
a typical sport suit of delicate blue
plaid leather mixture, and she wore
with that a pinkish wool scarf woven
with one of those real open meshes.
Since the plaid in the suit was a dull
pink, the pink scarf was beautiful
with it. And then she wore the dearest
little gray blue felt hat pulled
down over her ears. She was one of
the brightest spots seen at the show,
and everything about her costume
was done in the simplest possible
manner. But she was the type to do
this sort of dressing well, and she
was wise enough to stick to it re-
gardless of the fact that many of the
other women there were dressed in
afternoon clothes of silks and satins,
to say nothing of the monkey fur.

A girl of this type is lovely in those
manish sly, tailored, shirt waists,
which are, after all, the only type of
waist that can adequately accompany
the sport clothes. But she and her
own particular clothes are not re-
lated to the open country any more.
No, indeed, they are just as popular
on Fifth Avenue as ever they were
in sporting centres. The fact is she has
been so good looking in her own
clothes that she has brought the
fashion from the country to the city,
and there it looks as though it is
going to stay. For the present, at any
rate, let her make the most of the
fashion.

Sweaters are good for this type of
girl, and in all the beautiful colors
they come in. She must watch lest
she become too drab in her dressing,
for this is a grave danger. So many

women of this type think that be-
cause they dress plainly they must
dress in neutral tones. Not at all!
It is only the most brilliant of women
who can set off drab clothes. The
others must study their color vibra-
tions with the greatest care, or by
the selection of just the wrong tone
they may indelibly spoil the effect
for which they are working so strenu-
ously.

Now when it comes to the more
dreary clothes for the girl with broad
shoulders (for she too must have
fluffy things), there are certain rules
which are very much more suitable
for her than others. Keep them sim-
ple and flat in line, remembering the
general rule about the becomingness
of the sport things. The girl show-
ing but a portion of her figure on
this page is a broad-shouldered girl
who has conceived her duty to the
dramatic gown with a great deal of art
and good sense.

She is dressed in chiffon. Yes! No
more ladylike material than that ex-
ists. But look how cleverly she has
done it. The trimmings are flat and
square, just as the line of her shoul-
ders would suggest. Everything about
the gown is soft and beautiful, but it
is still in character, and in keeping
with her individual expression.

Her hat, too, tells wonders about
taste in dressing her own type. It is
a dressy hat, but it is not too "cuty."
It keeps in the picture with the set
of her body, as well as the line of
her face. The buttons which trim the
front are shiny black of varying
sizes, and over them black velvet
spreads in a square but soft fold to
further accentuate the line established
by the squareness of her figure.

There is nothing hard about the ef-
fect—only grace and charm—and yet
she has kept everything in true rela-
tion to the other thing, the tone of
each being established by the original
build of her figure.

The girl who is in business will find
this sort of coat a real boon to her
personality. The feel of it is good to
wear, and she sends forth a radiance
of her knowledge of her own well-
rehearsed appearance. Then, this sort
of a top coat is just now so very
part in appearance. In fact, it is the
kind of coat that is always good-look-
ing when worn by the girl whose type
it suits. It is the English type of top
coat which can live through any
amount of weather and rough wear
without showing the least sign of
wear. In fact, wear seems to agree
with its peculiar nature, and coats of

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



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cause they dress plainly they must
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When a girl is of that square-should-
ered, athletic, strong build, she looks
for very best in athletic clothes. On
a squareback she is wonderful. In a golf
suit she attains the height of her
perfection and in knickerbockers she is
irresistible.

But, now, coming down to ordinary,
everyday affairs which confront all
of us whether broad or narrow of
shoulders, what shall she wear as a
steady thing? Well, let her carry into
everyday life as far as she can that
ideal of the sports woman. The top
coat in the picture is one fine ex-
ample. That girl looks well dressed
for any daytime occasion, and since
the coat suits her type so splendidly
she can carry it into many another
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The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?
The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dayton, eighteen, who has just
entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two lovers,
Billy Branton, her own age, and Richardson Towney, a well-to-do bachelor ten
years her senior. The office opens new experiences, brings new lovers. Begin-
ning this story today—every installment a new episode in Peggy's affairs.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
BUSINESS LIFE was getting very
monotonous to Peggy. Every day
seemed to be the same old
thing. Nothing ever happened. Miss
Smith pounded away at her ma-
chine as if her whole heart and
soul were bound up in it. Richard-
son dictated the same type of let-
ters to the same type of people and
young Dick Richardson still proved
more or less of an office pest.

A box of fresh-cut flowers from
Townley one morning set Peggy to
wondering. Should she accept his
offer of marriage and lead a quiet,
secluded life? Was the home life
the best life after all? Wouldn't it
be good mornings to put on a be-
coming breakfast gown, a dainty
boudoir cap and pour coffee for
Townley at the other end of the
table? Wouldn't it be restful to spend
one's day as an office instead of
sitting up in an office with only an
hour's intermission for lunch?

And then the other picture of mar-
ried life presented itself to her, that
picture of home life which must go
on forever and ever. After the
glamour of the honeymoon and per-
haps the first six months of wedded
life, would she be happy? Would
she be content to see life through
Townley's eyes—for she knew Town-
ley was the type of man who would
wish her to share his every thought.

Then, supposing she were to wait
for Billy. Billy Branton was a boy
who was bound to succeed. He had
been a money maker and he was very
many stumbling blocks in his way
and many hard hills to climb. Prob-
ably in a few years he and Billy
could marry and be very happy.
Billy would let her continue her
business career if she wished. Would
it be well for her to have her life
and her own interests in the world
after marriage the way so many mod-
ern girls did?

Peggy wasn't at all certain of her
own heart. Had she met the right
man? If she really loved either
Townley or Billy, would this great
doubt be in her heart? Shouldn't
love be so great and so compelling
that when a girl met it she would

know at once? Peggy felt that she
should. Marriage? It was the great-
est step in life. But she must wait
—she must know—she must be sure
of herself.

While riding down on the subway
that morning she turned her news-
paper to the help wanted ads. She
wanted new experiences, new inter-
ests. Life was big and full of adven-
ture. She hadn't begun to touch it.
A position for a stenographer in a
mail order house caught her eye at
once. That would be something dif-
ferent! Her work would be sending
out letters to people all over the
States. Every day she would have
something new and interesting to do.
She tore the ad. from her paper, in-
tending to hunt up the position at the
noon hour.

But the moment Peggy entered the
office she forgot all about the new
position which she intended to seek.
There at Richardson's desk sat a boy
who was not exactly handsome, but
he was a man who commanded a
second look. His head was set upon
his shoulders just right, his temples
were broad and smooth and he pos-
sessed a mass of dark, thick hair that
very hair a girl would love to run
her fingers through. And his eyes
were what held Peggy's attention.
They were big, serious eyes which
could, by a quick flash, turn into very
merry, happy eyes. They were eyes
which knew both the cares and joys
of life.

At one quick glance Peggy noted
all this and then she hurried to her
desk and began work with a man
of this type in the office she felt a
certain new inspiration, a desire to
put forth her best energy. Had Rich-
ardson left? Was this new man a
married man?

Miss Smith came to her rescue.
"My dear," she whispered, "that is
Mr. Stanford—John Stanford, a man
who has been in the office for some
part of the bank but is taking Mr.
Richardson's place. For six weeks
every year Mr. Richardson leaves
town on business and this man oc-
cupies his desk. He's a splendid fel-
low, a bachelor who takes care of a
widowed mother; a good catch for
you, dear."

Peggy smiled and went back to her
work. Without even having spoken
to this man she knew she liked him.
Would she take more interest in her
work now?

To-morrow—Why Do Girls Succeed
in Business?

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR glanced around the
family dinner table with pride
and satisfaction. His broiled steak had been
cooked just to his liking, the baked
potatoes were white and mealy and fine
flavored, the coffee was at its best.
Mr. Jarr felt at peace with the world.
He was disarmed and glad of it.

"Well," he remarked genially, "I
must say this dinner tastes good to
me, and I was hungry; and I want to
say that although the cost of food-
stuffs seems to be as high as ever, it is
better to pay meat and grocery bills
than doctors."

"I haven't been able to pay any of
them," said Mrs. Jarr. "The grocer
and butcher were both here to-day,
and Dr. Smerk telephoned me."

"I haven't a cent," said Mr. Jarr
glomly. "Gee! Just as I was en-
joying my dinner!"

"When you get any money will you
give it to me to go to the movies,
paw?" asked Willie Jarr.
"And me too, and me too!" cried
little Miss Jarr, beginning to kick her
chair.

"Neither of you shall go to the
movies; you can study your lessons."
Mrs. Jarr declared. "Willie, eat your
soup. Your father has had his steak,
and you are still dawdling over your
soup. Eat it!"

"I don't want to eat soup, they drink
it," said the boy. "Can't I go to the
movies, paw, can't I?"

"You finish your soup or you'll go
to bed!" Mrs. Jarr commanded.
"Whereas Willie Jarr put his table-
spoon in his mouth and held it ther-
ewithout the aid of either hand, and
his little sister commenced to snicker
and cry. "Willie looks like Charlie
Chaplin," Willie looks like Charlie
Chaplin!"

"Behave yourself!" cried Mrs. Jarr
sharply. "And eat your soup, Willie,
and you too, Emma, or you won't get
another thing for dinner."

The children regarded each other
slyly, and then went on a soup strike.
Finally, Gertrude, the maid, took
their plates away, and then, relieved
of the fear of soup punishment, the
two children again began to clamor
to be taken to the moving pictures.

"Now, just for behaving that way,
not only will neither of you be taken
to the moving pictures, but you shall
not have any dessert, and Gertrude
made some lovely cup custard to-day,"
said Mrs. Jarr.

"Maw, there was boggers broke in
to Isay Slavinsky's home and stole ice
cream out of their refrigerator!" Mos-
ter Jarr declared, seemingly unde-

mayed at being deprived of the cup
custard.

"Who stole the Slavinsky's ice
cream?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Boggers, thieves," said the boy.

"Where do they learn to speak in
that manner?" asked Mrs. Jarr
fretfully. "Say, burglars, Willie,
b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s," and she spelled it for
him. "And there have been no burg-
lars at our icebox," she added. "But,
the same, for being naughty,
neither you nor your sister is to
have any cup custard. Do you want
any, father?"

"No dessert for me, please," said
Mr. Jarr. "It was a fine steak, and
it would be an insult to it to take
dessert. Are you going to have any?"

"No, I don't care much for custard,"
said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll leave matter for
the burglars. I shouldn't be surprised
if they visited our icebox as they vi-
sited the Slavinsky's."

But the children only grinned at
each other. They knew the burglar
had already ravished the cup custard.

Fables for the Fair

GUIDE BOOK TO MEN.

With the Usual Courtesy to James James, Author of the
"Guide Book to Women," and in His Own
Sympathetic Manner.

MORAL: With All Their Faults We Love Them Still—
We Have No Choice!

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CURIOUS, isn't it?
Though there are guide books
to everything else on earth
There are no guide books to the sec-
ond most interesting thing in the
world, Man.

Yet what a woman knows about men
Would fill the Encyclopaedia Britan-
nica—
Which is hard luck for men, perhaps.
But even harder for the woman.

As Mr. James so truly says, woman
is the animal that continually
yawns.
But, as he DOESN'T say, the reason
is because she has to live with the
animal that never surprises,
startles or thrills her!

She knows more about his reactions
than a scientist knows about those
of guinea pigs.
She can ALWAYS tell which way he
will jump!

The most important discovery yet re-
corded about man
Is that he doesn't look half of what
he means and doesn't say a quarter
of it, unless drunk—
He's too cagy—and too wise!

Man is a short-legged biped.
That's why he wears high heels if
he is an actor,
And makes a hero of Napoleon if he
isn't.

And even their egotism isn't equal to
such a display twelve months in
the year.
But why man ever compressed his
liassom form
Into high collars, high hats and eve-
ning clothes.

Is a subject that should be carefully
studied by philosophers.
Men are NOT ashamed of their same-
ness to each other—
Their sartorial ideal seems to have
been copied from the costume worn
by bees in a pod or pins in a paper.

Each man is wretched if he be not
as dully, drably and unimaginative-
ly clad as all men.

The eternal tragedy of man is that
golf knickers are designed only for
the well-turned leg—
And spindly-shanks have to wear
'em!

Man says, "Don't bother about look-
ing at sunsets or rainbows.
Just look at me while I tell you the
story of my life
And the reasons why my wife doesn't
understand me."

And woman does, and PRETENDS to
like it.
Man is the silken, sleek, untamable
tomcat,
Purring sweetly, "Chase me!" And
we do—there's nothing better to
chase!

Man is the disturber of the home's
peace,
Ready at any moment to start a
young war
About the dinner, the bills, the chil-
dren, the length of his wife's
skirts.

Every man when he knows that he
is in the wrong
Will instinctively accuse his wife of
being at fault.

Every man is Narcissus—more in
love with himself than he ever will
be with any one else.
Every man thinks every woman is
in love with him.

Every man tells gossip about every
other man.
Every man is sure that he could run
the house better than his wife.
Every man will fight for his taste in
ties.

Every man laps up flattery.
Every man over fifty feels younger
than he ever did in his life.
Every man says that he can't argue
logically with a woman—
(He's right, HE can't!)

Every man is the pussyfoot of sex.
Every man is hero, beast, friend,
fiend, dunce, Solon, victor, van-
quished, lover, husband, son—
But one thing he is not—
He is NOT A MYSTERY

To any woman that ever lived!
She knows all there is to know—
And then some!

An Infant's Weight

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

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THE only way in which we know
that a child is thriving is by
his weight. A well-nourished
baby is a happy baby. He grows
about three-quarters of an inch each
month. He doubles his weight in six
months and triples it in a year, and
he begins to cut his baby teeth at
the proper time.

If teething is delayed and his weight
remains stationary, something is
wrong with the food. Mother's milk
must be looked into, the deficiency
ascertained, and more nourishment
given either by adding certain arti-
cles of diet to mother's daily menu
or by feeding the child a daily supple-
mental feeding.

It has only been within very recent
years that physicians have realized
the tremendous value of the weight
chart, so we cannot expect mothers
to watch baby's weight unless they
are informed as to the great need of
this point in the general hygiene of
the infant. The greatest reliance is
placed on the weekly gain in weight.

For instance, we must not be satis-
fied with an apparently healthy ap-
pearance. Many plump babies are
doughy, and when weighed are found
below the average.

At birth the weight of boys is
slightly over that of girls, the aver-
age for boys being 7½ pounds; for
girls 7 pounds. Slight deviations
above and below this are within
healthy limits. During the first few
days of birth, while the infant is ad-
justing himself to his new world,
there is a loss of weight which is
usually not regained until the second
week, and only then if his nutrition
is properly carried out and due re-
sultant feeding.

As a rule, the daily gain in weight
for the first two months should not
be less than two-thirds of an ounce.
Experience has taught us that when
it is the child is not being well nau-
rated, is ill or going to be ill. Sta-
tionary weight or continued decline
is often a warning of an impending
illness before the appearance of other
symptoms.